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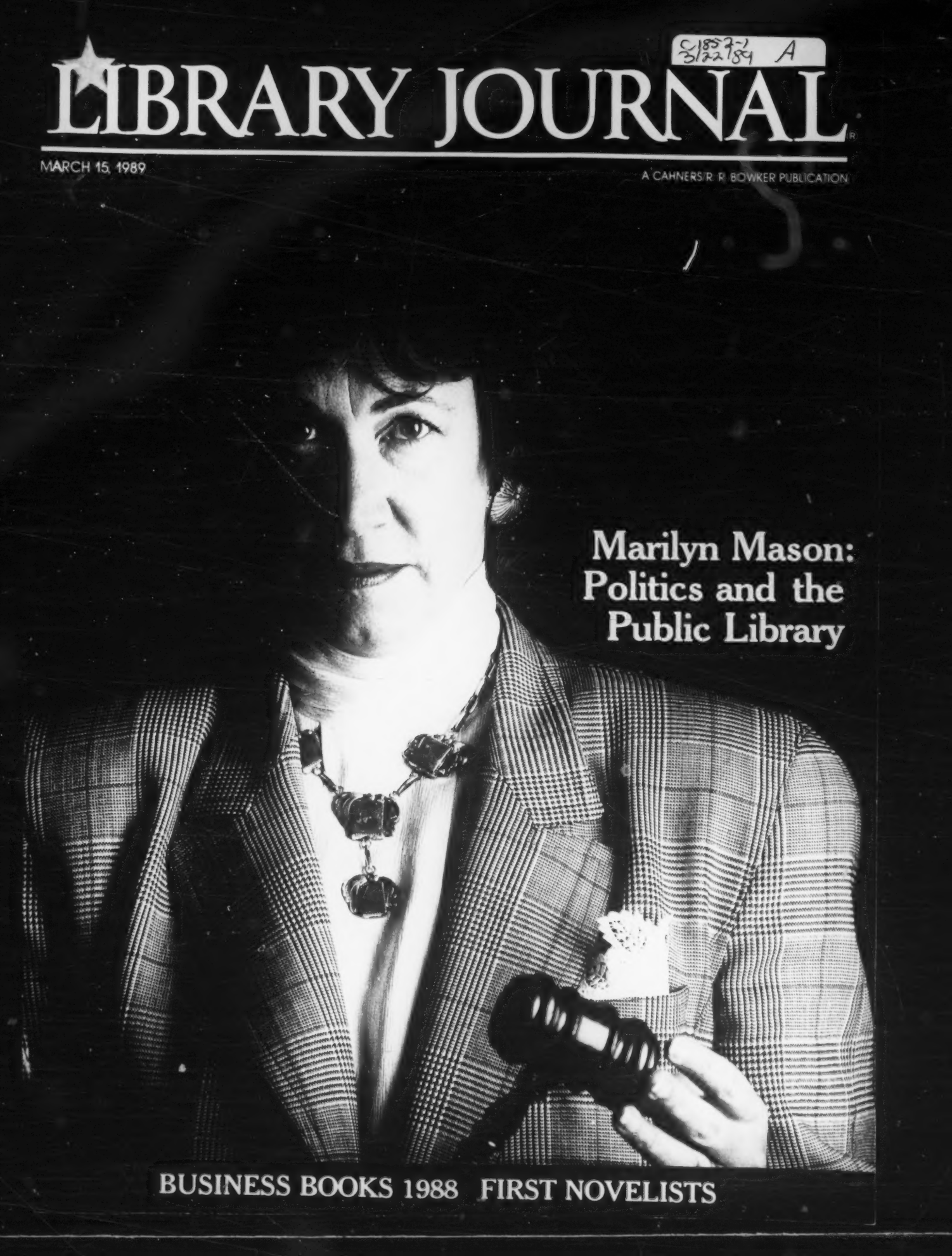

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LIBRARY

Cleveland's Marilyn Mason offers advice on being politic about politics. See "Politics and the Public Library: A Management Guide," page 27. Photograph by Don Snyder

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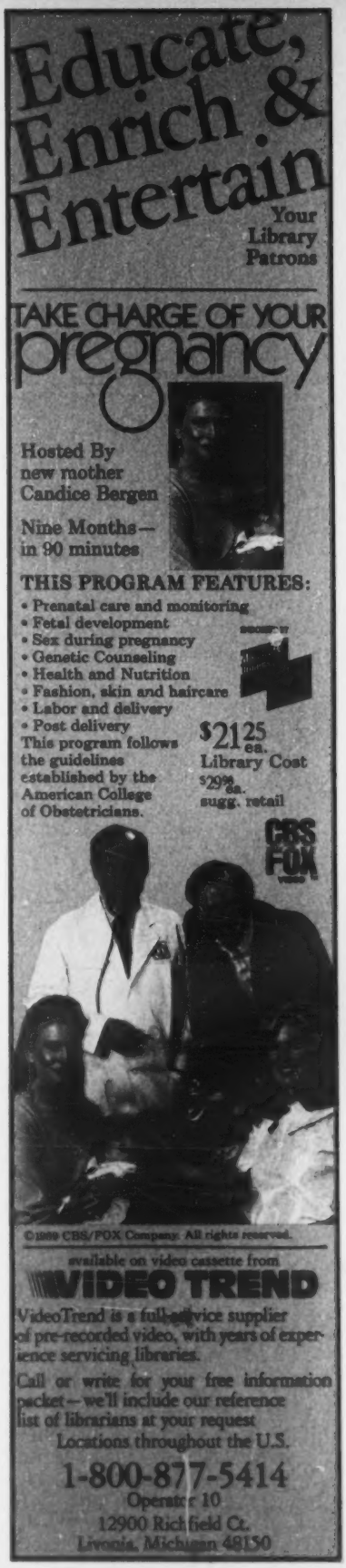
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"I write fiction not because reality bores me, but because reality bowls me over and fills me with visions"

First Novelists

155 New Novels for Spring & Summer

By Ann Burns and Nora Rawlinson

WHEN LOOKING AT first novelists, the temptation to wonder, or to predict, which of them will endure and become major forces in literature is overwhelming. Since hindsight is most accurate, we looked back 25 years ago to *LJ*'s two 1964 first novelist features. Included were Richard Brautigan (*A Confederate General from Big Sur*), C.B.D. Bryan (*P.S. Wilkinson*), Ernest Gaines (*Catherine Carmier*), Bel Kaufman (*Up the Down Staircase*), Joyce Carol Oates (*With Shuddering Fall*), Herbert Selby Jr. (*Last Exit to Brooklyn*), and Anne Tyler (*If Morning Ever Comes*).

The authors' statements did not necessarily help readers identify rising stars. Anne Tyler said that her book took six months to write, was created out of thin air, and was written in the evenings and on weekends. Brautigan, in a proto-minimalist statement said, "[*A Confederate General from Big Sur*] is about a Confederate general from Big Sur. If a person has any interest in things like that [he should] read it if [he] wants to." (Bracketed material from our original publication.)

This season, we asked the authors to explain why they chose to write a novel rather than biography or nonfiction. When we posed the question, we didn't realize that it would be particularly meaningful in relation to Susan Brownmiller's *Waverly Place*. The book is based on the true story of Joel Steinberg, recently convicted of the death of his "adopted" daughter. It is noteworthy that the author found the best way to handle the awful truth was through fiction, which may indeed allow for a deeper truth than reality.

Susan Brownmiller
Waverly Place
A child was murdered and a woman was battered in my neighborhood of Greenwich Village. All my previous books were nonfiction. My background was in journalism, not literature. Yet three days after the case broke, I began to imagine this novel. I wrote in a white heat; I was driven—compelled—to tell the story.

Clockwise from top left: Susan Brownmiller, Carol Muske-Dukes, Carey Cameron, Bryce Courtenay, and Cherry Muhanji

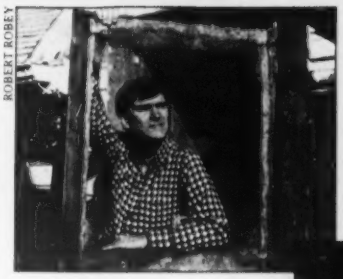
Ann Burns is Staff Editor, and Nora Rawlinson is Editor, The Book Review, *LJ*

Two quotations circled around in my head. One was from Auden's "September 1, 1939": "Find what occurred at Linz, what huge imago made a psychopathic god." The other was a Biblical quote that Freud was fond of: "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

I believe I did find what made a psychopathic god. And there was no other way to do it but through fiction.

Phyllis Burke
Atomic Candy
The novel is a pact of imagination between the author and the reader. The novelist says, these things I am going to tell you are spiritually and emotionally true, but never happened in the real world. The reader is invited into the story world to transform and play with the author's imagination. The reader's imagination then becomes more important than the author's because the reader must visualize the author's visualizations! This communion of imaginary capacities is unique to the novel.

Carey Cameron
Daddy Boy
All I knew was that I had a sprung rhythm in me that had to come out, that was too undisciplined for anything but the loose confines of what I called a "novel," but was actually far from being a novel. The structure came later. So I guess you could say the novel was backed into, like a station wagon into a messy garage. Some stuff was loaded into it painfully and it rumbled off. That is not the way anyone would recommend writing a novel, but I tie my shoes in a weird way, too.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DIANE KUPINSKI

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Clockwise from top left: Dana Andrew Jennings, Pat Emmerson, Carmen de Monteflores, and Medora Sale

Susan R. Cooper
The Man in the Green Chevy
Why fiction? There's always the easy answer: biographies and nonfiction take research, expertise, or knowledge that others may find interesting. Fiction requires only desire, imagination, and dedication. Some say writing is only rearranging the dictionary, but that rearrangement itself can conjure up new worlds, characters, and events that have never been dreamed of before. Where would the world be without the dreams of Huxley, Steinbeck, and Salinger? How would we begin to understand these dreams without Dr. Seuss, the Bobbsey Twins, and Nancy Drew?

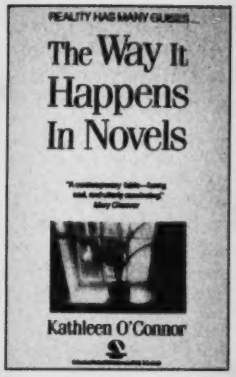
Bryce Courtenay
The Power of One
My grandfather once told me that a proper adventure book needs to contain two essential elements: a bellyful of laughs and a bucketful of tears. . . . I chose to write this book as a novel because fantasy is the universal truth, and a story should be as big as the reader's imagination and always bigger, much bigger, than its writer. The biography is constrained by modesty and the facts; memoirs are self-indulgent; how-to books are seldom funny and appeal too often to the clumsy and inept. So, I wrote *The Power of One*, my grandfather's "belly and bucket" book. I hope to hell, looking down or up at me, he approves.

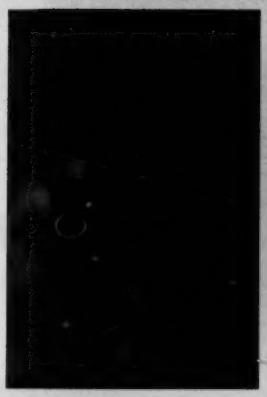
Carmen de Monteflores
Singing Softly/Cantando Bajito
My novel started as a collection of stories about my grandmother. I had recorded some of her memories of her life. The tape was misplaced for many years so I began writing stories out of the images that the tale of her life had left in me. When the tape reappeared I realized I had taken my grandmother into another world and now I had to choose between a landscape of facts and a landscape of fiction. The content of the novel reflects that struggle: a game of hide-and-go-seek with "reality." Ultimately, I chose to write fiction because facts are static and, in that sense, falsify life. For me, fiction is the freedom to interpret, and what is real in art is what is alive.

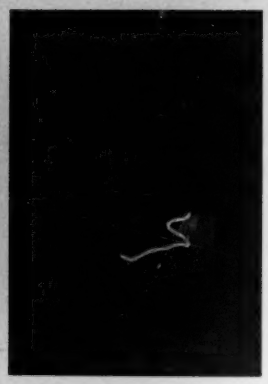
Pat Emmerson
Raging Mother Mountain
I started out to tell an essentially true story about how a few small-town folks, driven by ignorance, fear, and the simple urge to bully, tried to destroy a tiny lesbian community that had done them no harm. I had fictionalized the story just enough to protect the real people and places. But it turned out awful—too outlandish to

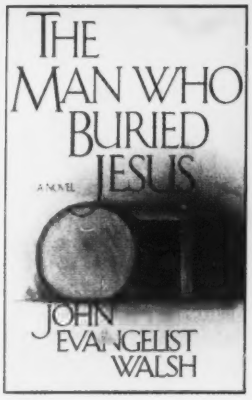
SPRING & SUMMER LINE-UP
44 Publishers/155 Novels

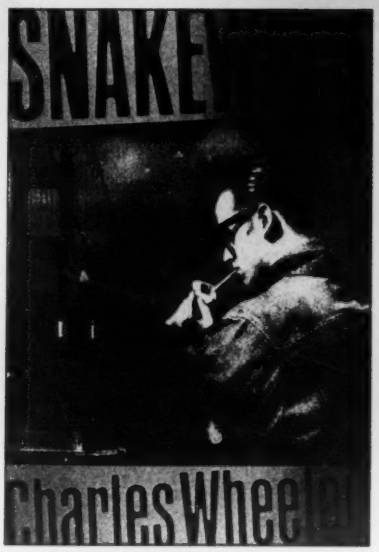
St. Martin's	36	Mercury House	2
Viking	12	Scribner	2
Atlantic Monthly	6	Seal Pr.	2
Putnam	6	Spinsters/Aunt Lute	2
Dutton	5	Lyle Stuart	2
Grove	5	Algonquin Bks	1
Knopf	5	Ballantine	1
Morrow	5	Bantam	1
Naiad Pr.	5	Carroll & Graf	1
Random	5	Doubleday	1
Crown	4	Donald I. Fine	1
Harper	4	Little	1
NAL Bks.	4	Louisiana State Univ. Pr.	1
Pocket Bks.	4	Macmillan	1
S. & S.	4	Mazda Pubs.	1
Ashley Bks.	3	Norton	1
Atheneum	3	Pineapple Pr.	1
Holt	3	Poseidon Pr.	1
McGraw	3	Summit Bks.	1
Alyson Pubns.	2	Thunder's Mouth Pr.	1
Delacorte	2	Ticknor & Fields	1
Houghton	2	Warner	1

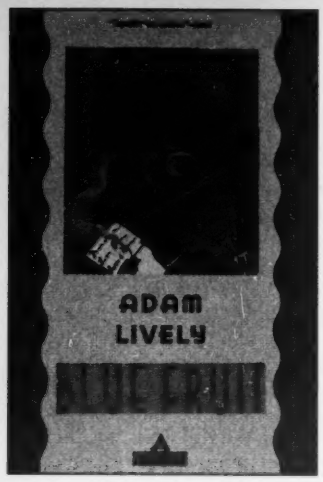












be believable. The real situation was too unfair, the real town folks too cruel, and the real outcome too hopeless. So I rewrote the story as fiction, and I discovered how seductive it is to be in control of what happens. By writing fiction, I could make a funnier, gentler, fairer world, and I could leave it with more hope.

Sophie Freeman
From Everlasting to Everlasting
All writing is the creative sharing of an author's intellect, emotions, and experience. Fiction has the added touch of magic, transforming the child's inexplicable ability to make-believe into the adult's ability to put it into words. Every writer wants to write; the fiction writer must write, for the characters create a story and the story grows until, like a steam kettle, it just bubbles over. Only then is the author fulfilled. Writing is somewhat like creating a Christmas tree and decorating it with festive trinkets for the viewer to share. Fiction writing adds the extra dimension of putting lights on that tree—and turning on the switch.

Sue Gambill
Heartscape
I grew up with little or no exposure to literature written by women, gays, or people from various class, ethnic, and racial groups. As a lesbian from a working-class family I know the effect this silence had on my life and my work. In my own contemporary novel about women's relationships I need to assure that I do not perpetuate forms of erasure and silence. Writing fiction allows me exploration of the wide spectrum of people's experience, while it also calls me to question my assumptions and shakes me out of narrow perspectives.

Allan Gurganus
Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All
This 800-page novel took me six invigorating years to write. What I learned is funny and terrifying. I wanted the whole tale to emerge from one ancient woman's four-toothed mouth. By honoring one person's limits, joys, trials, I found a whole national struggle waiting, alive and complex, grieving to be told. This novel concerns history and how people find ways—desperate and witty—to survive history half-intact. My research started in the library and ended in the heart.

Melodie Johnson Howe
The Mother Shadow
I'm fascinated by family secrets. Secrets take on a life of their own eventually dominating and destroying those who keep them. Ironically, the secret is kept in order to protect the very structure it breaks down—the family. My fascination with secrets leads me to a fascination with façades. Upholding the proper image is as important as keeping the secret. The murder mystery is the perfect genre to explore this dangerous balancing act. The detective must discover the truth. The characters must protect against the discovery. Focusing on the family has allowed me to take murder out of the alley and put it back into the drawing room where it belongs. I write fiction because there are no limits except for the boundaries of my own imagination.

Dana Andrew Jennings
Mosquito Games
Summers, when I was a kid growing up in rural New Hampshire, my rela-

tives would come by as dusk deepened and we'd all sit out on the porch, sopping up the evening cool. Scratchy 45s were played—Elvis, Fats Domino, Hank Williams—and the grown-ups swapped stories. My Dad was the best storyteller: "Remember the time I ran over Uncle Bill's corn in that stove-up Dodge?" he'd say. "Remember when me and Eddie shot that skunk?" When I decided to write a book, I ditched a memoir because the facts kept getting in the way of the emotional truths I sought. I recalled Dad's porch stories, and realized that the made-up details—his fictions—had made me lean closer to listen; and I knew then that I had a novel to write.

Karin Kallmaker
In Every Port
This will seem naïve, but I chose fiction because I thought it was safe—because it felt safe to have only to write from within my perceptions as a lesbian. Of course now I see how dangerous fiction truly is. My novel of romance and passion is going to be read by other women who have their own unique perceptions. If my story or characters are invalid in their eyes, then I am invalid as well. So much for safety. But if my book touches the women who read it, then we validate each other, and a powerful, enriching exchange will take place. I chose fiction as the means to facilitate that exchange.

Jeanne Larsen
Silk Road
Why fiction? Because that's all we have. The town I live in is a little different from my neighbors'. If I sit down and talk to you, the story you'll tell yourself about what I meant and why I meant to say it won't be the same as the one that I invent.

Beth Lordan
August Heat
Stories are odd: events that didn't happen in the lives of people who don't exist. But the truth is at once so mysterious and so ordinary that we can catch it only on just such an odd slant. If I could have explained the truth I half apprehended in writing *August Heat*, I could have written an essay instead. But there is alchemy of character, event, and language that creates or discovers a truth larger than ideas, a kind of truth that only the whole story can embody, a kind of truth that even the author doesn't grasp until the whole story is there, word after word. I write fiction to participate in that magic, to know, deeply and simply, that living matters, mystery exists, and truth endures.

Gordon McAlpine
Joy in Mudville
A novelist combines diverse literary elements (as carrots, potatoes, and tomatoes are tossed into a steamy stew) to arrive at a unified, tasty whole. The novel offers the narrative overdrive of journalism, the graceful ideas of the essay, the scope of biography, and the metaphorical worlds of poetry.

Catherine MacCoun
The Age of Miracles
I became attracted to fiction while I was working as a group therapist in a mental hospital. I remember reading patients' charts and thinking that no patient would have recognized herself in what was written there. These people were not patients in their own minds—they were protagonists. That's a more respectful way of looking at people, I think. Now I'm always seeing people—even people I encounter quite casually—as protagonists in their own stories. A really good novel can make you empathize with someone you wouldn't even like in real life. That leap of empathy is more profound than anything I've ever gotten out of psychology or philosophy or theology. It's not only profound, it's tremendous fun. Lots more fun than hospital charts.

Maud C. Markson
When We Get Home
Unlike biographies or histories, fiction has no reality to hide behind. Novelists must make you believe in their stories, despite the fact that you, the reader, are told outright that the story is not true. Fiction is demanding that way—I must make my created world more believable than all the stories you might read about in the newspaper. But it is also liberating for I am limited only by my own imagination.

Cherry Muhanji
Her
Certainly, fiction allows the writer to "right" their world. As a black woman in a racist, misogynist culture where the Powers that be would have and keep me powerless, I can and do subvert their definitions of the me as "other." In my world black culture steams and black women sting. It is not a question of re-covery, or re-invention, or re-remembering, but rather a world that flies off my pen (computer)—vital, alive, and intended to get and hold your attention. No other form allows me the luxury of that kind of prolonged vitality.

Carol Muske-Dukes
Dear Digby
As a poet, I feel like a hiker who's switched to horseback. Not because a novel has different speed, but different direction: a storyline urges you forward in a way poetry doesn't; poems literally make language stand still. I wrote this novel to rid myself of a voice I'd been hearing in my head for years—the irreverent, committedly inelegant voice of a woman who works as a letters editor at a feminist magazine. This voice entered my head way back when I read some authentic "crazy" letters written to a magazine. These letters were considered unpublishable, certainly unanswerable; but I kept imagining *answering* them. I think of the desire to write fiction as an urgent communication from my "mad" side; for me, the choice of an epistolatory style was an act of literary self-defense.

Kathleen O'Connor
The Way It Happens in Novels
My grandmother never liked to waste anything. She used to make rag rugs from our cast-off dresses, winding the bits of material together, and giving them a new life. I write fiction because I don't like to waste anything either. I reuse experiences but not in the strict chronology of a biography. I can take something that happened yesterday, wind it up with a 30-year-old event and find a significance that was never apparent before.

Roz Perry
Rose Penski
I believe authors write about that which they know best. My field of expertise lies not in explaining the real, but in creating the real out of make-believe. Fiction is a lovely combination of truth and fantasy, a mode wherein one can describe a place with no existence so that it lives for the reader. An expression on the face of a stranger, or the deathly dark of a moonless night can be nurtured into a world of its own, a world where I, as author, know not only the content of pockets as well. I write fiction not because reality bores me, but because reality bowls me over and fills me with visions.

Medora Sale
Murder in Focus
I have spent most of my life being educated. When I emerged from grad-

uate school, I had a nervous, castaway feeling; I finally identified that as lack of a writing project. Fiction was the only form of writing that did not taste of term papers, dissertations, and examination halls. Articles, scholarly books, and various forms of nonfiction seemed more of the drudgery I had just escaped from. After some experimentation I chose murder mysteries—a form I had been addicted to since I was a child hanging around the courthouse watching my father at work. Strangely enough, now I can bury myself in the library researching in the forensic section for hours and it doesn't seem to be work at all.

Virgil Suarez
Latin Jazz
The writer of serious, mainstream fiction hears voices, especially at night during sleepless hours. I did while writing *Latin Jazz*. Sometimes the voices came like the wind—softly, hardly audible; yet at other times there were curses sounding in my ears . . . . Everyday you sit at the typewriter and summon the voices that spoke the night before, voices that you must heed, and you write down what they tell you, and, in the end when the book is finished, you hope that they leave you alone for ever!

Susan Sussman
The Dieter
When the idea for *The Dieter* came along, it clearly wanted to be written as a novel. The seed . . . was planted when I quit my two-pack-a-day cigarette habit. The experience became a newspaper piece explaining the hardcore smoker to the nonsmoker. I was, at that same time, interviewing women alcoholics for an article. Unable to chain smoke, I began eating. I became fascinated by addictive patterns. Why do we hurt ourselves the way we do? I felt the longer form of a novel would give me time to hold dependency up to the light and examine it a bit.

Amy Tan
The Joy Luck Club
What I've come to discover is that literary fiction is the most honest truth I can write. If I'm lucky, it's as if I'm listening to a familiar voice—not my own—but some unknown blend of memory, imagination, and emotion. The voice gives rise to the language, the images, the feelings, and, ultimately, the story. In the case of *The Joy Luck Club*, it was the voices of four Chinese mothers and four American-born daughters. I had no idea what they would tell me, but they all clamored to be heard. I wrote down what I heard, sentence by sentence, not knowing where it would lead. When I arrived at the end, I felt a shocking recognition and unexpected joy all at once, the truth found in writing fiction.

Peter Turchi
The Girls Next Door
I write fiction because, deep in my heart (and I've never admitted this before), I'm a liar. Given the opportunity, I improve on reality. When reality puts up a fight, I ignore it. So writing fiction is my way of turning a serious character flaw to profit. But at the same time, paradoxical as it may seem, I believe fiction often presents truth better than nonfiction. In fiction, particularly nongeneric fiction, we can see a logic linking characters' thoughts and actions, perverse as that logic may be, and we can see an order in the world that is, for all sorts of reasons, valuable to see.

Contributing Factors: *Thomas McCormack, St. Martin's Press*

By Michelle Lodge, *LJ* Book Review

Thomas McCormack's slogan may be, "Just say yes."

"Yes" to J.R. Levitt. "Yes" to Valalmai Howe. And a big "Yes" to Wilton Barnhardt.

Editors at St. Martin's Press have said "yes" so many times leading up to the spring and summer season that 36 new novelists will see their works published. In the process, the house has surpassed even its own industry record of publishing first-time fiction authors. (According to *LJ*'s statistics, p. 42, Viking ranks a distant second with 12, followed by Atlantic Monthly and Putnam with six each.)

Business in the affirmative, so to speak, is good news for the novelists certainly, but also for the editors and the house, according to McCormack, the salty chairman and editorial director of the 37-year-old St. Martin's.

"If you can say 'yes' to editors, they are happier and their productivity increases," explains McCormack during a recent telephone interview from London with *LJ*.

The American publisher was in Britain on one of his biannual scouting trips, but took a break from reading manuscripts about 11 p.m. London time to call *LJ* in New York. During his three-week trip, McCormack also had been meeting with agents, publishers, and writers.

It was on earlier trips to Britain that McCormack found James Herriott and Rosamunde Pilcher. As a result, St. Martin's became their first American publisher. This season he's banking on Barnhardt, who, although an American, was another London find.

So taken was McCormack with Barnhardt's *Emma Who Saved My Life*—he likens it to the works of Jay McInerney or Bret Easton Ellis—that the novel will enjoy a 100,000-copy printing in June. This is a rare occurrence from a writer with no track record, particularly since a typical copy run on a first novel is 5000.

Naturally, St. Martin's is hoping for a blockbuster. Although unusual, it's not out of the question. First novelist McInerney did just that with his first work; *Bright Lights, Big City* (*LJ* 10/1/84) sold 368,000 copies in the trade edition, then another 258,000 once reissued as a mass market tie-in in conjunction with the feature-length movie starring Michael J. Fox.

ALEX GOTFRYD

Best sellers notwithstanding, McCormack contends that the house is committed to smaller audience books: those that sell under 5000 copies. Such low-volume books seldom make it into chain bookstores, but often find a home in libraries. McCormack estimates that libraries buy between 75 and 80 percent of these books. "A lot of promotion dollars on the smaller books go to libraries," he says.

"We don't need each novel published to sell 10,000 copies or more to make a contribution. The truth is you don't even have to sell 5000 copies to make a contribution," says McCormack, who began at the house 20 years ago as director of the trade division.

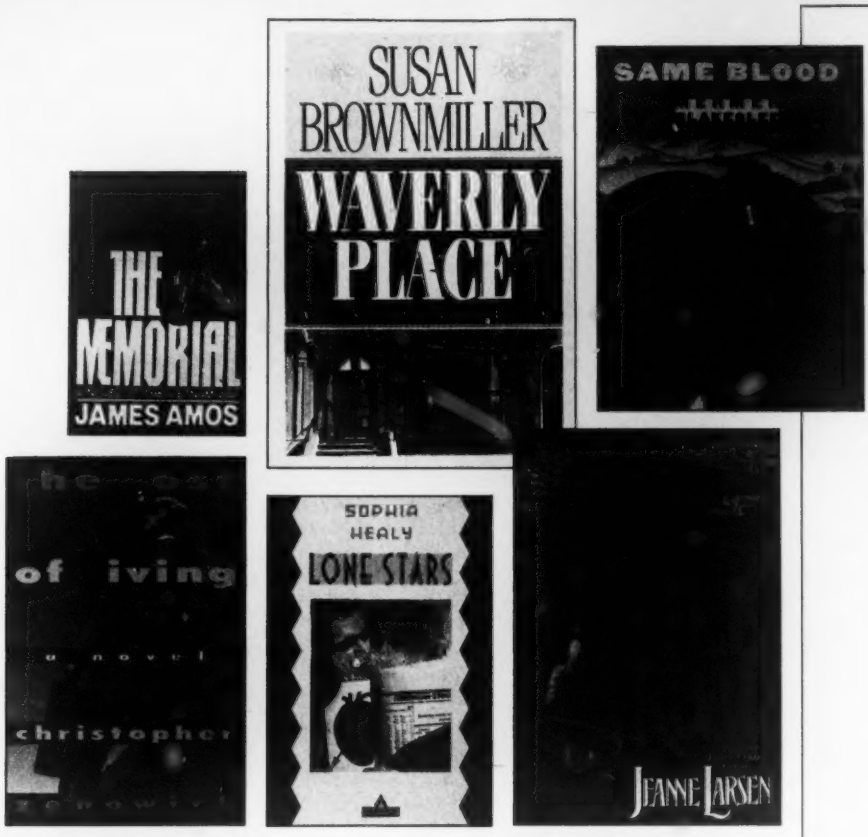
"By contribution, I mean that the total revenues exceed the total disbursements—for the cost of manufacturing, royalties to the author, and selling expenses."

McCormack's more-is-better stance has met with critics in the industry, who say that publishing too many books has diminishing returns; if two novels are published instead of one, one is going to suffer, goes the popular wisdom. "Our experience is the more novels, the more copies per title we have sold," he says.

This year, the privately held St. Martin's, which is owned by Macmillan of London, will publish 1200 titles, 450 of which are trade; the figure includes books also from its mass market, scholarly/reference, and college divisions. Of the total, 225 are fiction titles. Dollar billings for the company, reports McCormack, are $150 million; in 1970, when St. Martin's published 42 trade books altogether including five fiction books, the billings were $2.5 million.

Lest St. Martin's numbers fall, even McCormack has gotten into the act this year. His nonfiction *The Fiction Editor, the Novel, and the Novelist* (*LJ* 3/1/89) is an instructive book for anyone working in or interested in fiction.

In this case, St. Martin's has again exercised its liberal editorial policy. Thomas McCormack just said "yes."



Paul W. Valentine
Crime Scene at "O" Street
I chose fiction because it did not confine me to the strait jacket of journalism. Fiction allows one to invent facts. That's the easy and enjoyable part. The tough (but equally enjoyable) part is making the invented facts authentic. That comes with research and an ear for dialogue. Fiction is a conscientious dabbler's paradise.

Michael Ventura
Night Time Losing Time
A rockabilly singer in *Night Time Losing Time* says, "What *happens* isn't the truth just 'cause it happens. Facts sometimes aren't honest. Facts are like playing only the white keys." He means that there are so many levels to any given fact or event, that merely describing the surface isn't enough. That's why I wrote a novel instead of a biography, memoir, or how-to book. The Texas and Louisiana musicians who people my story live way over the line, past the limits of what most people accept as everyday reality. Changing the very definition of "reality" seems to me one of the few things worth a writer's time. A good novel exists in a boundless realm, making itself up as it goes along and, if it's good enough, re-making the world.

Susan J. Wolfe
The Last Billable Hour
I write fiction because I like the scope. Unlike what often happens in real life, I can keep two people talking until they communicate something. I can drop a character into many different situations, knowing that each time her reactions will reveal and possibly change some facet of her personality. The most satisfying aspect of writing for me is definitely imagining the various scenes. I also like the focus. In biography or memoirs many diverse themes are explored. In fiction I can come at one theme again and again from different angles.

Kate Woodworth
Racing into the Dark
The distance fiction creates—and the control it allows—enables me to take a situation, add a "what if," and follow the conflict through to its resolution. I hope readers of *Racing into the Dark* will experience a similiar feeling—allowing themselves to be drawn into a compelling situation that may have been, in a nonfiction format, too threatening or too obscure, and finding, in the novel's resolution, a new understanding of their own relationships.

The

Listed below are all the first novels reported to *LJ* that are currently scheduled for publication between February 1 and August 31, 1989. The dates following the publication information refer to recently published *LJ* book reviews.

GENERAL FICTION

Richard Adicks, **A Court for Owls** *(Pineapple Pr.—May)*
James Amos, **The Memorial** *(Crown—March)*
Janet Appleton, **That Summer** *(Viking—March)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Ronald Argo, **Year of the Monkey** *(S. & S.—July)*
David Attoe, **Lion at the Door** *(Little—April)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Wilton Barnhardt, **Emma Who Saved My Life** *(St. Martin's—June)*
Brian Behan, **Kathleen** *(St. Martin's—February)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Brian F. Berkey, **The Keys to Tulsa** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—June)*
Mermer Blakeslee, **Same Blood** *(Houghton—February)* [*LJ* 1/89]
Naomi Bliven, **On Her Own** *(Grove—June)*
Virginia Budd, **Running to Paradise** *(St. Martin's—March)*
Phyllis Burke, **Atomic Candy** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—April)*
Carey Cameron, **Daddy Boy** *(Algonquin Bks.—April)*
Neil Caudle, **Voices from Home** *(Putnam—August)*
Jimmy Chesire, **Home Boy** *(NAL Bks.—July)*
Sadeq Chubak, **The Patient Stone** *(Mazda Pubs.—June)*
Aeron Clement, **The Cold Moons** *(Delacorte—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Dennis Cooper, **Closer** *(Grove—April)*
Steven Corbin, **No Easy Place To Be** *(S. & S.—February)* [*LJ* 1/89]
J.R. Creech, **Music and Crime** *(Putnam—March)*
Tessa Dahl, **Working for Love** *(Delacorte—February)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Tsitsi Dangarembga, **Nervous Conditions** *(Seal Pr.—March)*
Albert B. Davis, **Leechtime** *(Louisiana State Univ. Pr.—May)*
Carmen de Monteflores, **Singing Softly/Cantando Bajito** *(Spinsters/Aunt Lute—May)*
Anna Dillon, **Seasons** *(St. Martin's—May)*
Nisa Donnelly, **The Bar Stories** *(St. Martin's—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Michael Drinkard, **Green Bananas** *(Knopf—April)*
Vincent Eaton, **Self-Portrait of Someone Else** *(Viking—August)*
Lucy Ellmann, **Sweet Desserts** *(Viking—June)*
Pat Emmerson, **Raging Mother Mountain** *(Naiad Pr.—March)*

First Novels

Michael Ennis, **Byzantium** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—July)*
Lilian R. Finlay, **Always in My Mind** *(St. Martin's—February)* [*LJ* 1/89]
Ernest J. Finney, **Winterchill** *(Morrow—February)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Suzanne H. Free, **The Blue Nature** *(St. Martin's—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Sophie Freeman, **From Everlasting to Everlasting** *(Ashley Bks.—March)*
Eric Gabriel, **Waterboys** *(Mercury House—June)*
Jack Galloway, **The Toothache Tree** *(St. Martin's—May)*
Sue Gambill, **Heartscape** *(Naiad Pr.—June)*
Sue Gee, **Spring Will Be Ours** *(St. Martin's—May)*
Allan Gurganus, **Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All** *(Knopf—May)*
Sophia Healy, **Lone Stars** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—April)*
Nancy Hertzberg, **Frontier Inventory** *(S. & S.—August)*
Harriet Heyman, **Between Two Rains** *(Atheneum—May)*
Valalmai Howe, **Dreams of Zoo Animals** *(St. Martin's—May)*
M.S. Hunter, **The Buccaneer** *(Alyson Pubns.—May)*
Gary Indiana, **Horse Crazy** *(Grove—May)*
Dana Andrew Jennings, **Mosquito Games** *(Ticknor & Fields—February)*
Merle Jones, **Woman's Estate** *(St. Martin's—June)*
Cynthia Kadohata, **The Floating World** *(Viking—July)*
Karin Kallmaker, **In Every Port** *(Naiad Pr.—March)*
Janice Kaplan, **A Morning Affair** *(NAL Bks.—May)*
Karen Karbo, **Trespassers Welcome Here** *(Putnam—April)*
Randall Kenan, **A Visitation of Spirits** *(Grove—July)*
Maxine Hong Kingston, **Tripmaster Monkey** *(Knopf—April)*
Sheila Kohler, **The Perfect Place** *(Knopf—March)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Sydney Lea, **A Place in Mind** *(Scribner—June)*
Janet LeCompte, **Moon Passage** *(Harper—June)*
Molly Lefebure, **Blitz** *(St. Martin's—June)*
Deborah Levy, **Ophelia and the Great Idea** *(Viking—May)*
Bill Littlefield, **Prospect** *(Richard Todd Bk: Houghton—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Adam Lively, **Blue Fruit** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—April)*
Beth Lordan, **August Heat** *(Harper—June)*
Patricia McConnel, **Sing Soft, Sing Loud** *(Atheneum—May)*
Vincent McDonnell, **The Broken Commandment** *(Viking—May)*
Catherine MacCoun, **The Age of Miracles** *(Atlantic Monthly Pr.—June)*
Camille Marchetta, **Lovers and Friends** *(Arbor House: Morrow—July)*
Maud Carol Markson, **When We Get Home** *(Bantam—July)*
Phillip Q. Morris, **Mussels** *(Random—March)*
Ronald J. Moyne, **A Star of Honor** *(Ashley Bks.—August)*
Cherry Muhanji, **Her** *(Spinsters/Aunt Lute—June)*
Edwin Mullins, **The Master Painter** *(Doubleday—April)*
Carol Muske-Dukes, **Dear Digby** *(Viking—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Louis Naura, **Palu** *(St. Martin's—February)*
Ann Oakley, **The Men's Room** *(Atheneum—April)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Roz Perry, **Rose Penski** *(Naiad Pr.—June)*
Marion Quednau, **The Butterfly Chair** *(St. Martin's—February)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Lawrence J. Quirk, **Some Lovely Image** *(Lyle Stuart—May)*
Beverly Sassoon, **Fantasies** *(Pocket Bks.—August)*
John Schwartz, **Bicycle Days** *(Summit Bks.—May)*
Mongane Serote, **To Every Birth Its Blood** *(Thunder's Mouth Pr.—April)*
Antony Sher, **Middlepost** *(Knopf—April)*
Caroline Sibson, **The Chosen One** *(St. Martin's—May)*
Rita P. Smith, **In the Forest at Midnight** *(Donald I. Fine—May)*
Anne Spillard, **The Cartomancer** *(St. Martin's—February)*
Jean Stewart, **The Body's Memory** *(St. Martin's—June)*
Sandra Lee Stuart, **Grand Cru** *(Lyle Stuart—April)*
Virgil Suarez, **Latin Jazz** *(Morrow—March)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Susan Sussman, **The Dieter** *(Pocket Bks.—February)*
Amy Tan, **The Joy Luck Club** *(Putnam—March)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Ronald B. Taylor, **Long Road Home** *(Holt—March)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Peter Turchi, **The Girls Next Door** *(NAL Bks.—July)*
Michael Ventura, **Night Time Losing Time** *(S. & S.—March)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Charles Wheeler, **Snakewalk** *(Harmony: Crown—May)*
Kate Woodworth, **Racing Into the Dark** *(Dutton—May)*
Adam Zameenzad, **The 13th House** *(Random—April)*
Christopher Zenowich, **The Cost of Living** *(Harper—August)*

ADVENTURE

Bryce Courtenay, **The Power of One** *(Random—June)*
Y.L. Harris, **Hindu Kush** *(Ashley Bks.—August)*
Frank Schaefer, **The Scapeweed Goat** *(Poseidon Pr: S. & S.—June)*
Diane Wever, **The Assassin and the Deer** *(Norton—May)*

CRIME

Susan Brownmiller, **Waverly Place** *(Grove—February)* [*LJ* 2/15]
Frances Fyfield, **A Question of Guilt** *(Pocket Bks.—July)*

DETECTIVE STORIES

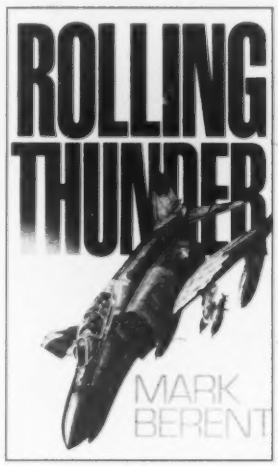
Jesse Sublett, **Rock Critic Murders** *(Viking—May)*

FANTASY

Bob Cairns, **The Comeback Kids** *(St. Martin's—May)*
Nancy Tyler Glenn, **Clicking Stones** *(Naiad Pr.—February)*
Jeanne Larsen, **Silk Road** *(Holt—July)*
Gordon McAlpine, **Joy in Mudville** *(Dutton—April)* [*LJ* 3/1]

MYSTERY

Susan Baker, **My First Murder** *(St. Martin's—June)*



Martin Blank, **Shadowchase** *(St. Martin's—August)*
Eleanor Boylan, **Working Murder** *(Holt—July)*
Justin Cartwright, **Interior** *(Random—May)*
Susan R. Cooper, **The Man in the Green Chevy** *(St. Martin's—February)*
Mikel Dunham, **Stilled Life** *(St. Martin's—February)*
Tim Hallinan, **Four Last Things** *(NAL Bks.—June)*
Michael Hendricks, **Money To Burn** *(Dutton—June)*
Melodie Johnson Howe, **The Mother Shadow** *(Viking—August)*
Susan James, **Foul Deeds** *(Thomas Dunne Bk: St. Martin's—June)*
Philip Kerr, **March Violets** *(Viking—July)*
Karen Kijewski, **Katwalk** *(St. Martin's—August)*
Minette Marrin, **The Eye of the Beholder** *(Viking—June)*
Geoff Peterson, **Medicine Dog** *(St. Martin's—August)*
Richard & Orah Platt, **Letting Blood** *(St. Martin's—August)*
M. David Pohlman, **The Problem of Virtue** *(St. Martin's—March)*
Medora Sale, **Murder in Focus** *(Scribner—July)*
Jim Shaffer, **Peterbilt to Laredo** *(St. Martin's—February)*
Michael Spicer, **Cotswold Manners** *(St. Martin's—March)*
Paul W. Valentine, **Crime Scene at "O" Street** *(St. Martin's—March)* [*LJ* 2/1]
L.M. Vincent, **Final Dictation** *(St. Martin's—August)*
John Evangelist Walsh, **The Man Who Buried Jesus** *(Collier: Macmillan—March)*
Stephen F. Wilcox, **The Dry White Tear** *(St. Martin's—July)*
Dick Wimmer, **Irish Wine** *(Mercury House—March)*
Susan J. Wolfe, **The Last Billable Hour** *(St. Martin's—March)* [*LJ* 3/1]
Mark R. Zubro, **A Simple Suburban Murder** *(St. Martin's—February)*

ROMANCE

Gilbert Adair, **The Holy Innocents** *(Dutton—April)*
Kim Larabee, **Behind the Mask** *(Alyson Pubns.—April)*
Kathleen O'Connor, **The Way It Happens in Novels** *(Available Pr: Ballantine—April)*

SCIENCE FICTION

John G. Cramer, **Twistor** *(Morrow—March)* [*LJ* 3/15]

THRILLERS

Peter Barsocchini, **Ghost** *(Dutton—April)* [*LJ* 3/15]
Mark Berent, **Rolling Thunder** *(Putnam—May)*
Giles Blunt, **Cold Eye** *(Arbor House: Morrow—June)*
Larry Bond, **Red Phoenix** *(Warner—June)*
Joel Brinkley, **The Circus Master's Mission** *(Random—June)*
Marilyn Cooley & James Edward Gunn, **You'll Hear From Us** *(St. Martin's—August)*
Dan Gilroy, **Sight Unseen** *(Carroll & Graf Pubs.—June)*
Payne Harrison, **Storming Intrepid** *(Crown—February)* [*LJ* 2/1]
K.G.E. Konkel, **The Glorious East Wind** *(McGraw—March)*
J.R. Levitt, **Carnivores** *(St. Martin's—March)*
Robert Mason, **Weapon** *(Putnam—March)*
Barbara Nickolae, **Finders, Keepers** *(McGraw—July)*
Ralph Peters, **Red Army** *(Pocket Bks.—May)*
Gerald L. Posner, **The Bioassassins** *(McGraw—July)*
Rosie Scott, **Glory Days** *(Seal Pr.—March)*
Jeffrey I. Victoroff, **The Wild Type** *(Crown—February)*
Robert Winder, **No Admission** *(Viking—March)* [*LJ* 2/1]
Bruce Zimmerman, **Blood Under the Bridge** *(Harper—March)*